

SATANA



ACME

for the adult reader

NUMBER 12

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featuring...

JACKIE DE WITT
'Hollywood's Loveliest'

'ASTROLOGY and YOUR LOVE LIFE'

'WOMAN LEOPARD TRAINER'



SATANA

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JODY HOLMES



Girl On The "GO-GO" Sets A Wicked Pace!



IN THE MORNING SHE GOES OUTDOORS AND LETS FRESH AIR BREEZE AROUND HER LOVELY BODY...AT NIGHT YOU'LL FIND HER OUT ON THE TOWN. JODY LOVES TO DANCE AND KNOWS ALL OF THE LATEST CRAZES. SHE ALSO WORKS AT DANCING... THREE YEARS AGO SHE WAS VOTED "MISS GO-GO" IN HER HOME TOWN! ANY MAN WHO TRIES TO KEEP UP WITH JODY FINDS IT A HARD TASK INDEED!



"GO-GO"





Jody loves to change her mind!

In the past 5 years she has been engaged to marry three times...always at the last minute she decides she wants her "go-go" freedom! Amazingly enough the men she almost married are still close friends. Next year Jody hopes to go to New York for a dancing career!



JODY





MARY CARTER



Sultry Beauty
Casts A
Hypnotic Spell

AT AN EARLY AGE MARY DISCOVERED THE POWER OF HER DEEP, DARK EYES...WHENEVER SHE WANTED A FAVOR SHE'D LOOK INTO SOMEONE'S EYES, AND LO AND BEHOLD HER WISHES WERE FILLED! NOW AT 22 YEARS OF AGE, MARY IS A SEXY GAL WHO LOVES TO USE HER NATURAL CHARMS...SHE SEEMS TO CAST A SPELL OVER EVERY MAN SHE MEETS. "I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S MY EYES" SHE WINKED, "BUT A FAMOUS MAN IN ASTROLOGY TOLD ME I DO HAVE A SUPER POWER." WE'D LOVE TO FALL UNDER MARY'S SPELL ANYTIME, WOULDN'T YOU?





**PIERCING
DARK
EYES**

**SULTRY
BLACK
TRESSES**



"WINDOW LEDGE PEEPER"

BY CARLSON WADE

*Peeping was not part of his
job, but how can a window
washer resist such temptation!*



My first glimpse was enough to make me feel the hot sap rising until my head hammered with pounding desire. All I saw was a pair of milky white thighs that were like columns of a building, with just the faintest trace of blushing pink. She wore a pair of smoke colored nylons that reached to her knees and sported a red velvet garter. I almost swooned and on my job, that could be fatal.

Let me explain that I was not an intentional peeper. I was a window washer and some of my assignments took me to those luxurious penthouse types of buildings in the better part of the city. Oooooo, what I saw going on...well, I'll not add to my original sin, that of unintentional peeping and be considered a gossip. So, let me go on with what went with my first glimpse.

She was something wonderful. Tall, leggy, with an hourglass figure that captured her waist in a sensuous figure 8, and then she flared out into those wonderful hips and tapering thighs.

I had my waist belt attached to the window ledge knobs; my window wiper was in one hand and my pail of water and sponge was being held precariously by another shaking hand. I gaped as I saw the rounded swells of her ample bottom when she turned.

Suddenly, the shade was yanked all the way up with a snap as sharp as the quirt tip of a whip. I'll add that the shade was lowered just enough to cover her ample bosom and what I now discovered sported a lovely redheaded beauty with a heart-shaped face, beestung lips that were twisted into a cruel gesture. She bounded toward the window, gaped at me, breathing deeply so that her heavy uptilted

breasts with the sharp points protruding through filmy French lace bra cups, then snapped aloud,

"Okay, peeper! Just what the damn hell do you think you're doing?" She made no effort to cover herself and all the little delicious nooks and crevices of her lovely form came into play. "You better make it good before I call for the cops!"

I had to swallow hard and try to easy my thump-thump-thump. I grinned. What else could I do. "I'm trying to wash your windows, ma'am. It's *that* time of the month again." As for me, it was *my* time, too. The last time had been three weeks ago with a roadhouse waitress and she wasn't that good. "Sorry...but your shade was up..."

The redhead stared at me, took in my physique and bronzed look. She took in my hooking get-up, bucket and squeegee. Her asp like tongue darted out over her red, moist lips. "When you're finished peeping, window washer, get on with your work."

"Sure thing." I noticed the way she kept staring at me, looking me over as if I were on an inspection block. I'll add that I'm sort of vain about my rugged, outdoor good looks. I'm not a full time window washer. Actually, I'm working my way through college and play football on the team, too, so I'm a healthy stud. I'm not vain but I'll let you in on a tip—those bored society dames really flip for a he-man so I've got a good thing going and make use of it. But I'm getting off the track.

A few minutes later, I was sloshing over the next window and there she was again. This was now her bedroom. She must have come from the bathroom, right into the living room, never suspecting

that she was being peeped upon.

And again, I had to watch the way she walked around on those skyscraper, backless shoes, trying to select her clothes. Every part of her moved. Beneath those flesh colored silken scanties, those twin mounds really jutted with feminine muscular power if you get what I mean. There was a whisper as her nylons came together when she walked. As she bent over, her twin goodies fell down and it was a miracle her bra cups could contain them. I almost fell down, myself, had to grapple and that made a noise.

She stormed toward me, her red hair around her creamy soft shoulders. A strange moisture covered her half-nude figure. "Now look, you just better quit that or I'll toss you right off the ledge. Darn nerve, a window washer peeping in on me..."

But the show-off was giving me the eye, the same "let's make it" look the other lonely dames have when they see a good hunk of man who's all physical with none of the mental their money-grubbing old husbands are.

I used a familiar tactic. A smile, then, "My name's Ned." When that brought no outrage, I added, "Actually, I'm not a full-time window washer. Just on weekends and a few spare days. I work for a contracting service on this part-time basis. I'm in college. Going to be an engineer. Play football, too. No scholarship for that. Guess it's the reason I have to work on window washing to pay tuition." This part of it is true. I'm no phoney.

"What are you telling all that to me for, Buster?" in her wrong-side-of-the-tracks accent that made me aware

(Continued on Page 53)

ASTROLOGY



Cancer



Leo



Aries



Taurus



Gemini

AND YOUR



Virgo



Libra

LOVE LIFE



Scorpio



Sagittarius



Capricornus



Aquarius



Pisces

Romance going off the deep end? Turn to the age-old zodiac and consult the stars. That's what the ancients did and they had no love problems.

Astrology? A lot of nothing! Don't believe in it! Just a fad!

These are some of the criticisms hurled against this ancient of ancient practices that has survived hundreds of centuries of sharp criticisms and stake and book burnings. Today, more and more modern people are beginning to realize that astrology is not just a fad or a silly hobby. In fact, when the stars, the planets and a horoscope are properly utilized, a whole of a difference is accomplished. Personally, I believe in astrology, have written countless articles on this cosmic science, have become a success in the writing game because I consult the stars before I sit down at my typewriter.

Because of this success, I have used astrology to find out how the planets can help me become a better half on a romantic date. I don't care if Jayne Mansfield is knocking on my door—if my horoscope says no romance...Jayne is out of luck! I don't care if Brigitte Bardot weeps until her mascara is running down her ample bosom—if the

cosmic signs and constellation readings advise me to pursue intellectual endeavors and to steer clear of romantic entanglements, Brigitte will have to listen to me as I read poetry from across the room—or go home. That is how much I believe in astrology.

WHAT IS IT?

Astrology is the science of analyzing and systematizing celestial stimuli as they are received by man at birth and during his lifetime thereafter. Astrology is also the art of interpreting and using the knowledge thus scientifically living under the laws of Nature.

You cannot change the hour of your birth! At that precise split second, certain planets, certain stars and cosmic matter were in clearly defined positions of the universe. These planets exerted a magnetic influence upon your psyche and your body. This is a permanent influence. You cannot alter it.

Astrology shows that the Sun, the Moon, the planets and the stars are living entities, each invested with a unique character of its own. In other words, even as you and I, the celestial bodies are alive, conscious, learning and growing into greater and greater expressions of that

BY CARLSON WADE

eternal Spirit which is the heart of the universe.

GREAT LOVERS

The Orientals, known for their great love capacity always consulted with the local astrologers before taking a local astrologer's wife. These star gazers would tell them if their partners would be over or under amorous and help to delineate their lustful longings. You can't hide your secrets from the stars, you know!

The Greeks and Romans, known for their avaricious appetites, also consulted with astrologers and girls as the Oracles (not star gazers, actually so we have to discount and discredit them) before they went ahead with a nice little orgy. Only those who favored the stars were invited to these shindigs and judging from the success of these merry making sessions, the cosmic sleuths were on the ball.

The Sheiks, the Persians, the people of the desert and those in the remote sections of India and thereabouts were

always (and still are) followers of cosmic science. Considering the harem and the many wives philosophy, we can appreciate the value of a court astrologer. These star gazers would chart horoscopes of all candidates for the harem and tell the sheiks if they would be suitable.

Considering the voracious carnal appetites of the sheiks we can see that there is something in a properly prepared horoscope.

GET A HOROSCOPE

Before you want to make use of astrology, get yourself a good horoscope prepared by a competent astrologer. Search the newsstands for astrology magazines, write to the publishers and ask for recommendations. Look in the classified directory of a local telephone book under Astrologists and start telephoning. Ask the noted star gazer to draw up a horoscope for yourself and for your intended date or mate. See if you're compatible.

It may cost you a few dollars but this is a pittance compared to a waste of an evening with the theatre, dinner and champagne that may all fizzle out to nothing. Time permitting, I may be able to help you if you'll write to Carlson Wade, 18 East 41 Street, 10th floor, New York, New York 10017. Enclose stamped, return envelope for a personal reply. Now, let's see if I can give you a generalized horoscope based upon your birth sign. These are cosmic facts created by royal astrologists throughout thousands and thousands of years of research. You cannot tamper with the celestial world. The laws are infallible. Okay? Now, let's work it out and see what the stars foretell.

YOUR HOROSCOPE LOVE GUIDE



ARIES (March 21-April 20)
You are ruled by the planet Mars, possess a rather stormy and impulsive nature. Your lovemaking may be vigorous, aggressive with a smattering

of domination. Because yours is a fire sign, it means you have a cardinal or active quality. You are not easily satisfied by convention because a conjunction of Mars with the moon creates internal upheaval. You crave the strong, the powerful, the dominating in your love making sessions.



TAURUS (April 21-May 20)
Here we have a person who is ruled by Venus, the planet of soft and gentle emotion which is a desirable quality. This is a more passive person because the ruling sign is that of Earth, denoting a deliberate desire. The quality is fixed which means that Taurean has a determined urge about lovemaking. This is what he wants and it is going to be difficult to sway him. This is a stable person who is not given to variations so someone who is of similar bent would do well to romance this cosmic sign.



GEMINI (May 21-June 21)
Now we come to the sign regarded the most favored of

the zodiac. Personally, I'm a bit biased because this is my sign but I'm not bragging. Gemini has long been hailed the most beloved of the zodiac and the most generous when it comes to romantic involvements. We are influenced by Mercury, the winged messenger of the Universe as well as the twin stars of Castor and Pollux. This gives us a wide variation in desire. We're not dull. We can adapt and adjust to whatever is required. The Geminis are influenced by the air element and because we are an air sign, we can be volatile. But we have a mutable quality which enables us to adapt to the situation. We're given to adventuring because Mercury is fleet-footed and exploratory. So sometimes the Gemini trods into forbidden territory. But we do try anything!



CANCER (June 22-July 22)
Here we have a delicate person because the cancerian is influenced by the moon. The element here is water which indicates a certain sensitivity. The Cancerian is often a passive type but because he is influenced by the cardinal or active quality, he can participate in a certain romantic affair. He is not entirely passive but that is the inclination. So if you're searching for someone quiet and rather tranquil, look to this sign.



(Continued on Page 26)

BARBARA
ARRETT



TORRID AND
EMPTYING

Barbara brings out the beast in men, and she has a great time doing it! A model and dancer, she's hardly out of her teens! For a few years, Barbara, or "Babs" as some of her friends call her, had a "dance and strip" routine with another girl—a huge success they traveled far!

Barbara is on her own now... her partner got married. "I'd like to marry someday," she smiled, "but I haven't found a man who would put up with me, yet!" At the moment, Babs has three or four favorites on the string, but its anyone's guess who, or if she'll settle on!







**Her Look Says
"Come On" But
Don't Be Fooled!**





Barbara loves to take long, warm baths topped off with a cooling shower before going to bed. She also exercises to keep her firm body at its delicious best! At least once a week, she goes to bed at 9 in order to catch up on much needed rest!





BARBARA



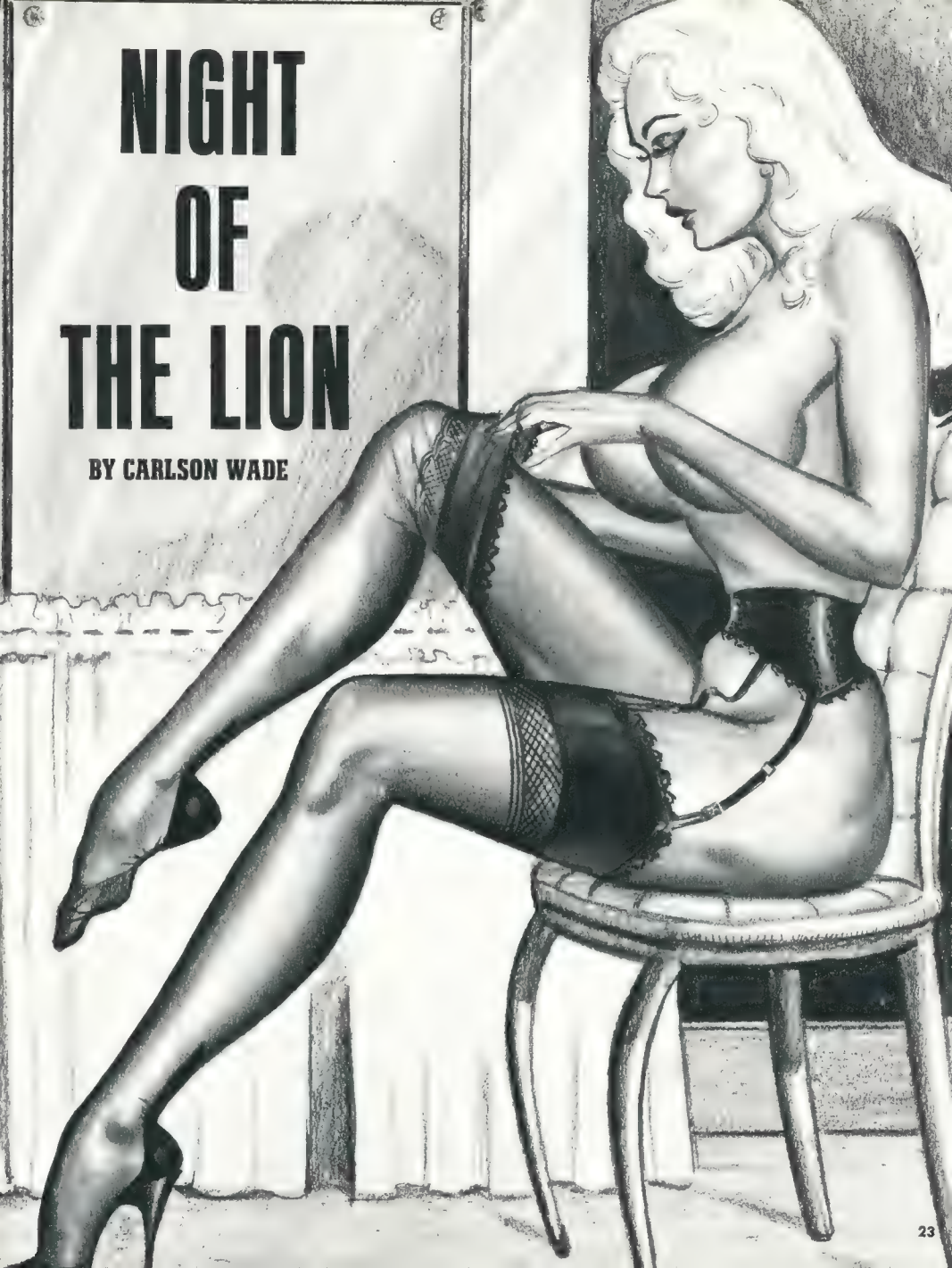


Barbara bids us a fond "goodnight" as she and her bikini-jamas start off to dreamland!



NIGHT OF THE LION

BY CARLSON WADE



The bride said "No" until the two of them discovered that primitive Africa can be surprisingly modern when it came to fertility rituals.

The natives of South Africa have a saying. *The night of the wedding is the night of the lion.* It is interpreted as meaning that the young groom must portray the staminal role of the lion who has just seized the apple of his eye.

It is one of the first sayings that Robert Standish had heard when he first came to Johannesburg and made a trek through the bush in search of a guide. He was a correspondent from London and his assignment was to interview the guide about all sorts of people who wanted to go hunting for fun and for tales to take home with them.

Robert Standish got his story; then after a few weeks of sporting around Johannesburg and bar hopping, he met Nell. She was a teacher who had come here for post-graduate training. They hit it off from the start.

Now, they had just come into their compartment on the train. It lurched into motion. Robert turned to Nell Standish, his new bride and took in the movement of her breasts, the soft slopes of her curves, the way she breathed. She was a shy one. The best type.

"Isn't it wonderful?" in a throaty tone. Nell waited for him until he had put all the luggage in place.

"What is?" He removed his jacket and undid his tie. "Going to the Transvaal or our wedding?" But no more could be said since he was now embracing her, his mouth making peck-peck-peck dabs at her cheek, then taking in her ear

lobe, now going down to the soft hollow of her throat. He started to fumble with the buttons on the back of that shirtwaist blouse thing she always wore. Too stuffy. He was breathing heavily as he pulled apart, taking in her cool, porcelain type beauty with the red cheeks the English girls are so famous for. Would she have pinkish breasts? How would she react when he stripped her down and really explored her? He had ready to get out of his hot clothes.

Whew. He sure felt hot.

"Are we going to pass through Pretoria?" she was asking as she pulled away from him. "I've never been there."

Again and again, he tried to make her respond and before this honeymoon night was over, Robert Standish knew there was going to be trouble. She had even shied away from him as he came out of the adjoining bathroom. He undid his robe. He saw her flushed face as she took in the sight. She quivered slightly. But she turned away and refused to have anything to do with him.

Robert brought it up to her the next day. "Nell, what's wrong? I mean, this *is* our honeymoon, you know."

Nell scowled. "Remember your promise before the wedding? We were flying back to London and spend our honeymoon there. But now we have to stay here in Africa. I don't like it here."

Robert had promised her that their honeymoon would be spent in London. But he had not counted on his editor's telephoning him, assigning him to a series of articles that would take him to all parts of Africa. New bride or no new bride, he had to remain here.

"This is a terrible way to

start out, Nell. It isn't my fault."

"You could have refused, you know."

"And lose my job. Nell, this is something that can make me a prize-winning correspondent. And my future is your future..."

Stubborn, Nell would hear nothing of his pleas. She kept away from him.

Now, he stared out through the window. He felt the engine's coal soot. He heard the wheels clacking over the tracks. The rolling hills of the African countryside slid by; he thought he glimpsed a marauding lion and felt chagrined at the thought that the animal probably had a better honeymoon night than himself!

Africa had done something to him. The continent stirred a primeval urge. The sight of half-naked or all-naked women trodding behind their equally clad men. It was all so physical, so earthy. Somewhere in the primitive hills there were animals of prey, human and savage beasts kept hidden by thick foliage. It stirred a peculiar desire within him.

Now, the train was slowing up. They were entering a small station. He peered through the window, saw the groups of African faces. He could not explain it but he identified with all of them.

He felt frustrated to see his wife as she dressed. Throughout the night, she had kept on her slip and the sight of her plump breasts, the promise of a soft body, the jut of her pelvic bones against the slip, the way her bottom formed a rounded circle, just turned him into a bitterly frustrated young bridegroom.

Dressed, she was at his side. "Shall we go?"

Wordlessly, they left the

train. It would remain here for several hours and then start again. Schedules were unknown in Africa—especially when a primitive village is a stopover about once a month.

He did a story about a chief who exchanged wives with a rival chief. He watched as the young maidens were brought in, their robes pulled open, their ripe young bodies subjected to the most gruelling examinations. Through it all, the women were silent. They were submissive. Whatever was required of them would be done without the slightest rebuff. Robert Standish noted the way some of the strong men of this particular tribe would carry about their willow switches. He saw them use these switches on a few foolishly stubborn women. He heard the screams. He knew what would later happen to those women in the huts, in the dark of night. Never again would they dare refuse the lion his jungle power.

Once again, back in the rail-road car, Robert Standish faced Nell. She was still just as stubborn. But now, he felt the tremors of the jungle. He was going to assert his privileges.

"Get your clothes off!" was his grumbled order. He worked with his own and soon was free of them. He caught her gasp of fear. "Okay, I'll get them off." He tore her clothes. She tried to fight him with her fists and nails. It added to the excitement.

Naked, she was everything she promised to be. Her pink tipped breasts were alive as was the rest of her. Just a touch, the live wire was ignited and reflex reactions set her to trembling.

His lips and mouth covered her and she could not control the reactions.

"You're my wife."

"Not your slave. Not your savage slave..." Her further words were obliterated as he twisted her to a side, upended one of her lyre shaped thighs, saw the mound, then let loose with a few well-aimed and hurtful whacks.

She bit back the tears of humiliation.

She surrendered to him, hating the way she was being conquered.

Like an animal in the jungle.

They must have paused in another village for some reason or other because they heard a group playing tom toms and there were other instruments that exerted a bizarre reaction on the both of them.

With that, he pushed her again, back on the bed. Their bodies came together.

Fearing that other passengers might overhear them, Nell, the bride, was quiet as she fought him again. She tried to dig her elbow into his stomach but he slapped her arms away and when he seized her in a certain way, it was the same as telling her that he was now the master.

"Please...please...not that way...it's rape..."

"Call it what you will... you are my wife and you are going to act like my wife."

She felt his hard-muscled leanness, scented his male perspiration and now she felt the sharp pain as he held her a prisoner. "No...no..." she gasped as the assault continued.

Robert was aflame with emotion. He lost all civilized control. Just one primitive desire encompassed his entire consciousness, burning away whatever rational thought and reason he might have possessed.

The moon shone directly on them.

Robert Standish forgot his identity. He was now a proud Zulu warrior, having selected his mate, putting her to the test.

His hands were everywhere as he deliberately caused her hurt. He wanted her to know that she was the submissive one and he was the master.

The lion.

"Ohhhhh," her whisper was gentle now as she felt his lips and the thrust of his maleness. "Ohhhhh..."

She made other sounds that were soft and delightful. She arched her back, offered herself and wanted him as a bride would want any groom.

Outside, the train whistle shrilled through the African night; smoke rolled by the window.

The train continued its journey, rumbling past a huge unseen cataract of a waterfall.

There was a very long silence.

Robert kissed her. In the dim light, he saw how he had bruised her soft flesh. His teeth marks would remain; they would furnish a reminder of his animal power. When the marks would fade, he would inflict new ones so his memory would still be good. So like the savages who branded their captive women to remind them of their humble stature.

And the savages had no marital problems!!

"Oh, Robbie...my Robbie..." She embraced him. It was the first time she had called him "Robbie" since he told her they would not be able to spend their honeymoon in London. "Ohhh, forgive me. I'll never again deny you...my wonderful master..."

The young husband stroked the girl—the one who he had married—and the girl who he now owned! There was a difference. Africa had taught him the difference.

Yes, the night of the wedding is the night of the lion when you capture your prey.

THE END

"ASTROLOGY AND YOUR LOVE LIFE"

LEO (July 23-August 23) Here is another vigorous and active sign. You are stimulated by the fire element and your ruling planet is the sun. This gives you a fixed or determined and often stubborn quality. You want what you want in your own manner of performance. You incline to be very stubborn. Those who seek a one-sided romance will find solace in Leo.



VIRGO (August 24-September 22) Here is another, rather beloved member of the Universe. Virgoans are influenced by the planet earth, giving them a deliberate quality. But the Virgoan is also mutable in quality because the ruling planet is also Mercury, the fleet-foot messenger of the universe. At one side, the Virgoan is made firm and deliberate. At the other side, he is being pulled by the action of Mercury. The successful lover is one who finds a middle ground and is willing to look in both directions rather than exclusively behind or before.



LIBRA (September 23-October 22) You have the air element which makes you volatile but you also have a cardinal or active quality which gives you a rather stormy attitude but you want to weigh all sides of the matter. Influenced by Venus, you have a strong romantic desire

and you may often find it to be without self-control.



SCORPIO (October 23-November 22) Now we come to a water sign that might be more fluid except that it has a fixed or determined quality so this makes it want to go in one direction or against the tide. Scorpio folk often like to go against the grain or against convention. Influenced by Mars, you have a powerful desire to carry out your desires and this creates a conflict. Often, you will have to have your way, suffer, if only to learn from your mistakes. A few samples of the different ways of romance may help temper your urges.



SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 21) You are a fire sign, very warm and passionate, and have a mutable quality. You are vividly influenced by Jupiter and you are unique because you and only you belong to this very vivid and powerful planet. It means you have a great capacity for love and you must find someone who can quench this internal fire. It does not remain smoldering for long. It soon bursts into another flame so your mate should be of a similar sign, capable of your satisfaction.



CAPRICORN (December 22-January 20) Your ruling planet is Saturn and you have a cardinal or active quality. Because you are an Earth

sign, you will try to adhere to convention but Saturn forces you around in circles and frequently making you dizzy. Be careful to keep out of the more "far out" types of romances while you're in a daze because you'll only regret it when you come back to Earth.



AQUARIUS (January 21-February 19) Now we come to a sign that has a fixed quality but an air element which creates a volatile temperament. Your ruling planet is

Uranus that is known for being impulsive at times. Try to control those impulses and rely upon your celestial fixed element of air. You are given to bizarre whims and others who know of this will seek to take advantage of this weakness.



PISCES (February 20-March 20) Here we have a water sign influenced by a mutable or adaptable quality and also by Neptune. Such people have a clean mind and clean body and well-washed attitude, if you know what I mean. Sometimes, they're inclined to be too much of a goody-goody but we need such folks to provide stability in our romantically troubled world. I might add that Elizabeth Taylor is a Piscean! Figure that out if you can!

* * *

We may well agree with Shakespeare: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosopher."



JACKIE DEWITT

**Hot-Blooded Mixture
Of Fire And Ice...**





**FULL OF LATIN
PASSIONS SHE
KNOWS HOW TO
REALLY PLAY
IT COOL.....**

JACKIE IS A RARE MIXTURE OF ITALIAN, FRENCH AND AMERICAN. NOTICE THE COOL, LOVELY EYES...SENSUAL LONG HAIR...AND THE OH SO SHAPELY LIMBS. JACKIE IS A MODEL, AND SHE'S KNOWN FOR HER PERSONALITY AS MUCH AS SHE IS FOR HER VOLUPTUOUS BODY. AS A MODEL SHE MUST CONVEY A SEXY OUTLOOK, BUT AS A GAL WHO KNOWS HER MIND SHE HAS TO PLAY IT COOL.







MARVELOUS



IN THE COURSE OF A WORKING DAY, JACKIE POSES IN EVERYTHING FROM FORMAL GOWNS TO REVEALING BIKINIS. SHE LOVES WORKING, BUT WANTS TO GO ON BEING AN ACTRESS.





One of the reasons Jackie has to play it cool, is the men she works with. "I really have to be on my toes," she told us. "The photographers, the manufacturers of clothing, everyone tries to date me. I really have to play games!"



Jackie has a steady boy-
friend and he gets jealous
of her work sometimes! But
Jackie is a one man gal—
and he knows it!



JACKIE



SEE OUR LIVING DOLL
IN GLAMOROUS COLOR!
TURN TO PAGES 36 AND
37 FOR A GREAT TREAT!









Small Town Gal Makes It BIG!

Jaye comes from a small town in the South (Pol. 2100). When she was 15

a local artist, aware of her luscious body, asked her to pose for him!




Jaye went to the artist's studio everyday after school. The whole town began to gossip...they thought models and artists were wicked people. At 18, Jaye packed and headed North.







A black and white photograph of a woman, Jaye P. Morgan, posing in a room. She is topless, wearing dark lace underwear and thigh-high stockings. She holds a rotary telephone receiver in her right hand. In the background, there is a lamp with a large, light-colored shade and a patterned base. The overall mood is sensual and vintage.

In New York, Jaye went from office to office looking for work! Within two months she hit it big, when a photographer fell under her mysterious charms. Her picture in a national magazine zoomed her to a \$50 an hour (and up!) model!



ICKY EVANS...

**BRITISHER WITH A "KOOKY"
FUN-FILLED VIEW OF LIFE!**

Vicky is a swinger, and she lives and loves in one of the most swinging towns in the world—London! Nothing is too far out for her—she wore miniskirts before they became infamous—and she posed in the nude before Hollywood stars took up the call! Outwardly her life is one mad round of adventure, but Vicky would surprise you! She has more than a pretty face on those lovely shoulders! She's got a very serious, and sometimes sedate view of life. "When I settle down, it will be for good," she told us, "but till then watch out," she winked!



It took a lot of doing to get these rare photos of Vicky. She's always on the move, and

we had to beg her to sit still long enough for these wonderful shots—just for you...





WOMAN LEOPARD TRAINER



The lovely lady with the deadly beast is, believe it or not, a housewife, mother of twin

girls. AND the only woman leopard trainer in the world. It's a thrill a minute...





Wild Indian Leopards are the deadliest of the cat family—they always attack from behind!



Charlotte Walsh puts her leopards through difficult and unique trials for the amazement of audiences—every moment brings challenge as the Leopards are apt to attack. Charlotte has split second control AND she better have—**THE LEOPARDS AREN'T CAGED!**



"WINDOW LEDGE PEEPER"

she had made a good impression upon some rich John who was paying for all this luxury. But then, she stood quietly, put her hands on the concave belly of her tummy, pressed inward, the fingers all but touching her navel.

It drove me wild. I unhooked. Now I was in the room.

"Where do you think you're going?" she demanded but she kept taking me in from broad shoulders down to... where her eyes paused and she looked like a she-cat in the mating season.

"Nowhere...but since we know each other, maybe we ought to have a cup of coffee together."

She played it hard to get. "You'll get coffee in the jug house if you're not out of here..."

But Ned, the window washer knows his women. He knows when they're really mad and want to cause real trouble, or just sexy mad and want to battle before causing the sexy type of trouble. And right now, I was as troubled as could be.

"Let's not get too emotional," was all I could say because in a few seconds, her warm body was against mine, her soft arms around me and she was working with my T-shirt, almost tearing it from me. I had to gasp and help her remove it and now her glazed eyes took in what hard work helped bring out. Her lips were everywhere...

That was when I realized we were still standing before an open window. I wasn't the only washer for the building. Another kook who was too old to know anymore, was on the floor above and there was just a chance he might come looking for me.

I pushed her away, felt the bounce-bounce of those lus-

cious breasts threatening to burst free from the bra cups...and she had already opened my belt and man...it was like being with a sex-starved animal. She really set my wires buzzing.

"Unh...suppose we pull the shades..." Staggering, I tried to pull them.

She seized my wrist and pushed her bosom against my chest while she fumbled with my work pants. "Don't touch them...or else, we quit this..." Now she worked and in a second, my pants went down to my ankles.

It was a hammering blow to my senses. I trembled with the clasp of the wispy bra and soon it was undone. "Okay, okay, but suppose they see us..." I knew another high rise luxury development across the street had peeping tenants. I spied their binoculars on the window ledges when I worked that building.

"Either the shade stays up or you get out." Her voice was husky with desire and now she was exploring me.

I wasn't so concerned over other peepers. In fact, it gave me a charge (as if I needed one!) to visualize peepers watching us. Exhibitionist, that's me if you want to call it that. But it's kind of a kick. But I was actually afraid that frustrated neighbors might call the vice squad or something.

"C'mere." I took her, then. Her mouth opened and when her tongue collided with mine, it sent darts of fire shooting through me. "Mmmm," was all I could moan. In a moment, I felt a cool wind on my body and knew I was in a raw state. Real raw, too.

I looped an arm under her soft thighs, held up my treasure. Me, I'm six feet and then some and real husky like Tarzan while she was about five feet and so. Built real big,

though.

She linked her arm around my throat and her lips kept peck-pecking me until we finally made it to a sectional sofa couch. The springs creaked. I pulled away her hanging bra, gaped at the huge protrusions. Then I seized the elastic band of her panties and soon, I feasted on what I wanted.

She moved with life. That's right. Life. Not like some others who move because the marriage manuals told them to do so. Not this one. She moved because it hit her. She was warm, moist and when her hands locked behind my back, the sharp, burning nails ripped and sent more darts of fire through me. She kept moaning and begging for more, thrusting up to meet me with each jab... "I'm Vikki... Vikki..."

Now we were formally introduced as the shower of stars and soft guttural moans meant we had begun the orbit!

She was Vikki Starr, her full name. She was a real redhead and she had a real redhead's capacity for the earthy things in life. She had been a governess. "That was the only work I could get so I could come here." She was from Ireland and like other Irish colleens who want to leave the old sod and pick up gold in American streets, she came here through one of those international employment services. She hired out as a governess to a lecher who had a couple of children. The lecher was too much. Vikki threatened to tell his wife so he kept her in this luxury pad and visited her regularly.

She tasted for something young and virile and that's me. Okay, call me conceited but I'm the type of guy you see in those muscle magazines and if you think I appeal to other types of guys

only, you're too narrow minded. You'd be surprised how these nympho types go for the grunt and groan boys. No brains. Just bodies. That's all they want. I'm not bragging but I'll say this—I don't need to brag. I've got it, so there, too!

One Tuesday evening, we had made the scene on the tiger rug before a fireplace. We had really kicked up a wild jag and in broad daylight, too. By now, I didn't care who was watching us but it sort of irked me that Vikki only wanted it in the daytime and with the shades up, curtains drawn.

"Ned, do you want to do something good for me?"

"Hey, thinking of the altar? I'm still a college boy, working my way through it and all that." It really upset me. I didn't think she was serious.

"No, of course not." She embraced me and started fooling with me. Among her other little peculiarities was insisting I play like Adam until time to go. A peeper, herself, it seems. "But I'd like something special. On that terrace out back."

There was a terrace out back and in full view of everybody. She hopped up, pulled her baby doll negligee off and now she sucked in her breath. Both breasts joggled up and she was as stiff as could be, like a living Venus. "Either that or..."

"Cut the comedy." I stood up, too, pinched her breast, and then bent slightly to mouth her. It was enough to send an electric bolt through me and I was ready for anything. "Suppose someone sees us..."

"It's a week night. They're all inside, relaxing or watching TV. Not like Saturday night." She pulled me, giving me a full view of the outer

thrust of her bottom and the way her thighs came together was enough to make me agree to anything.

It was real wild. Right there, on a lawn chair on the terrace, we made the scene. She was like a Messalina, the dame in history who could never get enough. She raked my shoulders with her nails, bucked and jumped and her mouth would soon be swollen from the way she used it.

It happened swiftly. Something about doing it on the terrace and knowing some snoops were taking advantage of it, really turned her on. I'll admit, I felt a charge out of it, too.

I cut classes, doubled up on other window washing jobs so I could save time to be with Vikki. It drove me wild. Between the extra work and the work with Vikki, I was a wreck. There was no satisfying her. Finally, I knew we had to call it quits.

I didn't do it intentionally—but I told her that we couldn't make it like that. Not in the daytime. And not on the terrace. "My study schedule means I have to be at classes most of the day. New schedule. So I can't make time for us in the daytime. How about Thursday night...?"

Vikki was enraged. "Don't try and kid me. You've got someone else..."

"No...no, honest, there's no one like you." That was the truth. "But my study program means I'm in school all day. What's wrong with some night hopping...?"

She threw me out of the house. That's right. What a jolt. It was finished. We had to call it quits, as I say. Not because of my schedule; directly, that is. Indirectly, it meant we'd have to make a night loving and she was the type who liked it in the broad day-

light as if she wanted peepers to watch her. Otherwise, why would she have said that if I really loved her, I'd have shown her a good time on the terrace with the floodlights directed on us?

I quit my window washing job, too. Honest, a guy could get killed when he gets too far up—and too far out!!!

THE END





NNETTE DAVIDSON

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Can you imagine what tease she's dreaming up now!









Annette is a hair stylist by profession, and sometimes she lets her 'teasing' go further than

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